The Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1903.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

In an article on party harmony the Brunswick Gazette uses this notable lan-

grunge:

On the silver question Democrats by heredity, as well as from principle, men whose, whole lives had been characterized by loyal adherence to the cardinal principles of Democracy, differed. They doubted both the wisdom and the policy of opening the minis to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and believing that such a course would be fraught with the gravest dangers to the material interests of the country, exercised their privilege of emphasizing their doubts by their votes, and rofused to support Mr. Bryan. In pursuing this course, in yielding to the promptings of their conscientious convictions and obeying their dictate, did these Democrats commit the unpardonable political sin, for which there is no forgiveness here or hereafter? We think not. The man who believes that a particular tenet or policy of his party will prove ruinous to the country, and for that reason refuses to give it his sanction and support, is infinitely more deserving of the public confidence and respect than he who entertains the same belief, yet nevertheless, in his idolatrous worship of the fetich of party, and in the superabundance of his so-called loyalty, gives his sanction and his support to such policy. We do not mean by this to convey the impression that we have wholly recanted our convictions on the silver question.

Our faith in the correctness of the views we held on that question in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, we are free to confess, has been somewhat shaken, and is not now quite so implicit as it was then. We are not now, in the light of practical experience, quite so cocksure that we were then right, and that overy one who held contrary opinions was wholly wrong. It was a question on the silver question Democrats by

then. We are not now, in the light of practical experience, quite so cocksure that we were then right, and that every one who held contrary opinions was wholly wrong. It was a question on which wise and patriotic men might well differ and disagree, and we hold now, as we held then, that it was not only the right, but the solemn duty, of those who believed that the free coinage of silver would lead to financial ruin, to align themselves, resardless of party, according to their convictions. At this late day, and confronted as the Democratic party is by a thoroughly organized and solidly united adversary, it is the sublimity of political stupidity and folly for Democrats to be quarreling among themselves, calling each other traitors and other bad names, thus widening the breach and creating discord, when every consideration riends plaintively for harmony and accord.

believed that free sliver was the remedy thought that it would bring ruin upon the country. Our contemporary says that it is not so cocksure now that it was crats who took the other view were equal-

ten in the interest of party harmony, our contemporary contending that now that large number of Democrats who supported Richard L. Metcalf, editor of the Omaha World-Herald, and a sort of spokesman for Mr. Bryan, to Mr. Norman E. Mack, editor of the Buffalo Times, and New Nork's member of the Democratic National Committee

In this letter Mr. Metcalf declares that mothing has occurred since 1896 in justi-Tying the bimetallist in abandoning his position, but on the contrary the bimetallist contends that the very prosperity of which the Republican leaders boast is chiefly due to the increase in the volume of money, a thing which in the campaign of 1896 Democrats claimed, and Republicans denied, would bring us better times. He further asserts that there is even now a need for more money, and that the bimetallist prefers to obtain this inbimetallism." He further says that a platform which should make no reference to the money question would crease "in the Democratic way, through bimetallism." He further says that a to the money question would not com-mand the respect either of the bimetallist or of the single gold standard advocates and he says by inference that if the plat form should declare in favor of the gold standard the bimetallists would not sup-

Now the question for Democrats to deof the Brunswick Gazette, which was an advocate of free sliver in 1896 ,or will the follow the advice of Mr. Bryan and his party, who seem to be determined to reitand 1900? That is the main question now to be considered, and it is a more impor-tant question by far than the nomines.

JUSTICE TO THE DEAD.

In a recent issue of The Times-Dis. patch, we undertook to correct some misstatements which had been made in

Therefore, in the interest of justice to self, we deem it fair and proper to clear view of that and tragedy is concerned.

was killed simply because he was a probelieve that his taking off was the direct result of a difficulty which he had at the polls with a man named Clark, a lawyer of no enviable his seeking. It was forced upon him. He resented with a blow an imputation against his character that was made f other brave and honest man would have done under similar provocation.

Subsequently he published an editorial article in his own paper, defending himself against the charge which Clark had made, and incidentally denouncing Clark. That article was not written to provoke further trouble between him and Clark but to clear up the charge against himself, and he did clear It up to the satis faction of all fair-minded men. We do not blame him for writing that article His denunciation of Clark, under the circumstances, was, as we have said, almost reckless, but it was natural and it was brave.

We spoke also of the subsequent counter" with Clark, in which Mr. Moffett was shot to death. But that "encounter," like the first difficulty at the polls, was none of his seeking. He was gathering of his brother ministers at the frame of mind; he was attending to his thought of his enemy, when Clark sud-denly appeared before him on the pavedence in court was conflicting. But wo know that Mr. Moffett was unarmed; that he was not looking for difficulty, Clark, that he made the assault. In his dying declaration he swore that Clark fired upon him before he grappled with

In conclusion, let us say that while he was a prohibitionist, while we have sult of a plot, and while he was not ! tious; he had the courage of his would not have hesitated to lay down his life rather than recant one jot or

one tittle of his creed. Christian hero. Although many years dead, his heroism still preaches we are glad of the opportunity to pay once again a just tribute to his mem-

OPINION AND FACT.

Our esteemed local contemporary, The Times-Dispatch, announces editorially that it recently "smashed" the 'delusion' that the Confederace survivors are "glad the Confederacy did not triumph. "In a recent article on the subject," remarks our contemporary, "we declared our belief that it had been far better for the South if it had succeeded in setting up a special and indeendent republic." South if it had succeeded in sections by a separate and independent republic.

How the opinion of The Times-Dispatch on a matter which is purely one of opinion, speculation and surmise on a question of what might have been, on smashing any delusion we do not precisely understand.—Richmond News

clear.. Manifestly, our contemporary misinderstands. The point we tried to make was this: At one time there was a bein the light of more recent events, that by The Times-Dispatch in this opinion that if the South had succeeded in setting up an independent Confederacy back into the Union and put through terrible ordeal of reconstruction. Two Confederate Camps, by resolutio Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, but the declaration that we were not glad, but sorry, that the Confederacy falled. Many other Confederate veterans

made the same declaration, and smashed the delusion. Of course, it is a mere matter of opinion and speculation as to what would have been the result had the South won, but the declaration that the Confeder rates are not glad is a fact, and there are no two opinions about it.

"THE DEADLY PISTOL."

In a shooting affray at Thibedeaux, La., on Monday last, ex-Lieutenant-Governor Clay Knobles was killed. The shooting was done by a barber. The two mer engaged in conversation on the street and suddenly the ex-Lieutenant-Governor was observed to draw his pistol. He fumbled it, however, and in the meantime

his antagonist drew his pistol and shot, Here is another tragedy growing out of the pistol-toting habit, and the humiliating part of it all is that one of the pistol-toters, the man who lost his life, was formerly an officer of State govern-

The other day we mentioned the fact a Kentucky town,, the judge of the court pared himself for a struggle.

tary upon our civilization. How can we expect those who are naturally lawless to respect and obey the law when offi-cers of government hold the law in con-

pers that are putting up such a plucky fight against Governor Pennypacker and misstatements which made he made in the public print concerning the traigle death of the Rev. J. R. Moffett, of Danville. We did not go into details, and in the brevity of the statement false him pressions may have been made on those who were not familiar with all the facts.

The public print concerning the traight against Governor Pennypacker and his libel law, by which he hoped to muzzle the press of the State of Pennypacker and his libel law, by which he hoped to muzzle the pressions may have been made on those who were not familiar with all the facts.

Mrs. John A. Legan and the residents of lowa Circle, Washington, where the statuce of General Legan is lecated, are at odds because Mrs. Logan where more of the trees cut down in the circle so that the view of the statuce will not be obstructed.

The heavy guns of the editorial writers are ably supplemented with the squibs of the paragraphists and the terrible cartoons of the artists. These latter espe cially are holding the Governor up to ridicule and contempt, with the deliberate purpose of provoking him to test the muzzle law in the courts. The law im poses heavy penalties for doing this very thing and it would seem that if Pennypacker thinks there is any virtue at all in the statute which was passed by the for his protection he would as Governor lators of it. The newspapers are appar they will never be happy until the Gov ernor gets them into court, Why does

the Northern Securities Company are anxious to have their case in the United States Supreme Court advanced, as they ble moment. That is a sensible view. This questions of vital importance to the busines interests of the United States. It intutionality of the Sherman anti-trust law and the sooner the business interests of the country understand what they have legislation, it will be better for them and for the whole country. Quite certain it is that there is much uneasiness in the we are of opinion that this uneasiness is largely responsible for the persistent decline in the price of stocks and bonds.

how they nominate men for dency. As soon as Editor McKelway named Grover Cleveland, somebody turn ed right around and embarrassed the edi tor by nominating him,

with the Prince Albert coat and the inclination to smash other senators in the neck, also protests against the mention of

million mark in his desperate effort to die poor, but the trouble is his dividends come in as fast as his gifts and libraries

The grounding of the monitor Arkan turn by suggesting to the government that a little judicious dredging of the Mississippi would not burt the country

While Colombia is tearing her hale about the treaty and swearing she won't sign up, Uncle Sam is going right along making his arrangements to dig the

One man in Wall Street is reported to have made \$11,000,000 out of the cotton boom. Alabama, Louisiana and Texas

earth to learn what Mr. Cleveland has believe I am nearly out of bait." The prevailing drought which has re-

tarded tobacco planting in Pittsylvania county, is not due entirely to the doings of the prohibitionists in Danville and the

That Omaha judge has not yet found a sheriff with sufficient nerve to try to execute the order of court, closing that woman's mouth. The Czar of Russia celebrated his thir.

not receive a single congratulatory cable-

straw hats. They blossomed last in

The clougated agony is over. The legis

lators have gone home.

One good thing, hot, dry weather is death to mosquitoes,

With a Comment or Two.

Mr. Cleveland's check to the J. B. B. Stuart monument is another straw.—Raleigh News and Observer.

It is a straw which will break the

temptuously would have refused to notice this little sop, judiciously thrown to Southern sentiment.—Newport News Press.

good men bad or selfish motives every time they do a good and worthy thing.

The Legislature will not meet again until November, but it will take that long to find out what they did this time. Newport News Times-Herald. And about the same length of time to realize how much they left undone which they might have done.

It is impossible for Cleveland to get the nomination, and if he could get it he couldn't be elected.—Norfolk County

Then let him fish in peace. Why keep

Personal and General.

Rev. Dr. William Robson Notman, of Chicago, has been made the head of the Presbyterian Social Union.

Henry Dreher, of Cleveland, O., was elected president of the National Asso-ciation of Plano Dealers at its convention in Buffalo last week. The conven-tion will be held in Atlantic City next

Rev. Dr. P. F. Dissoz, of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, will celebrate the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on May 26th and 27th. He has been connected with St. Mary's Seminary for forty years.

Professor W. H. Pickering, of Harvard who has been carrying on a series of lunar observations, is said to have dis-covered unmistakable evidence of the presence of hoar frost on the moon's

Rev. Alfred S. Lyle, the oldest living graduate of the University of California; presided at the commencement exercises of that institution the past week. He took his degrees in 1864.

Half Hour With Virginia Editors.

The Fincastle Herald has figured a lit-The monthly cost of rural free delivery in Virginia at the present, with only a small portion of the State supplied, is

The Fredericksburg Free Lance, with The Fredericksburg Free Lance, with its usual good sense and discretion, says: It is proposed to reproduce Monticello as the Virginia building at St. Louis, the necessary money to be raised by popular subscription. We would like to see this done, provided we are not to have a relic show. We want no more such, lest people begin to think Virginians live only in the past.

The Norfolk Ledger offers this hint t the St. Louis Exposition management
The suggestion of the possible visit o
several crowned heads to this country progress, may not have anything in but we known how Kniser Bill could prevailed upon to make a trip to the States—by putting out an able-bodied re-port that his Uncle Ned intends coming

The Fredericksburg Star says It will soon be up to our Virginia leg islators, or those, at least, who are can didates for re-election next fall, to practice what they preach by complying strictly to the provisions of the Barks date pure elections law.

The Pearlsburg Virginian says If the President will return and make as close a study of the workings of the civil service here as he made of the anisome game that has crept in under civil service tent more worthy of his

A Few Foreign Facts.

An official report shows that at the end of last year there were in Japan ninety-seven agricultural schools, six fishery schools, twenty-eight technical schools, fitty commercial schools, seven mercantile schools and sixty-two industrial

Almost every adult Mancau carries a Connecticut dellar watch. The United States had no trade worth mentioning with Manchuria until we began to furnish Russia ties, rails and engines for her reilways. Now the trade in flour and cottons is important.

The chief destre of the municipality of Baro, in Chile, is to have the town known as a second London, and within the last decade much money has been spent to make it an exact replica of the British capital. The streets have been laid down and named after those in London.

Practically only the buildings are taxed in England, and this tax the occupant pays. There is now a strong movement in favor of the taxation of "ground rents" and "site values," and the introduction of the plan of laying assessments on property for local improvements, as in this country. It is vigorously opposed by the wealthy class, especially by the dukes, own the ground upon which London

Very Rev. Charles P. Grannan, of the Catholic University at Washington, has been appointed a member of the International Biblical Commission created by the Pope to conduct extensive researches in order that the Catholic Church might possess the best translation of the Bible.

Professor Braun, of the University of Strasburg, has undertaken to heat a room in Munich by a flashlight in Nuremburg which is 100 miles away.

North Carolina Sentiment. Gastonia Gazette isn't afraid.

coldiv declares: boldly declares:

"Grover Cleveland for President and Charles B. Aycock for Vice-President—there's not a Democratic State in the Union that could turn down this tleket on account of its personal or on account of the personal or on account or other personal or on account or other personal or other personal

of the principles it represents; there's not a doubtful State which it could not with The Durham Herald comes along an

"The Democratic party can make no claim of being together when it can con-sider Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Hearst as Presidential possibilities at the same

The Charlotte News remarks:

"The President is speaking softly ou West, but it is to be hoped that he is car rying a big sitch for those postoffic boodlers at Washington when he returns.

Somewhat dolefully the Durham Sur

"When cotton jumps up and sits upon the throne with all the pomp of royalty, it is always the case that the event comes at the wrong time to benefit the farmer. It comes at a time when the farmer has sold, and the middle man stays in the center of the ring."

"If the Wilson regulators would be given what many guilty escape, there will be a totable decrease in murders."

The Bi-Centenary of Methodism.

The Bi-Centenary of Methodism.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,-Did you not make a slight mistake when you said on Sunday lest that the Methodisms of Richmond had commenced the celebration of two hundred years of Methodism? It is true that you immediately add, "It being two hundred years from the birth of John Wesley." But did John Wesley begin that great spiritual reformation, which has been such inestimable been properties of the work of the such inestimable been properties. The such inestimable being: It for we experienced "The new birth," which Jesus anught to Nicodemus, there were several years of preparation and development, and it is not claimed by its own friends that Methodism had its beginning until the year 1730, when Wesley was about thirty-six years of age.

How, then, could Rev. Dr. Tigert give us at this time an account of two hundred years of Methodism, when it has had only about one hundred and sixty four years? And is not this mistake material to our zealous and efficient Methodist brethren? Do they not intend to make new progress and new achievements during the residue of their two centuries? I wish the dictionaries had the word bi-centennary, Leaving out one "n" destroys the otymology and significance of the word. We ought also to have the word bi-centennaneue, instead of, or added to bicentennial.

Richmond, Va.

В. В. М.

Not for Cleveland

Not for Cleveland'
Editor of The Times-Dispatch;
Sir,-No Southern politician of note will
advocate as an expedient the nomination
for the Presidency in 1994, either Bryan
or Cleveland, for this good reason; the
former cannot carry a single State North
or West, the latter, a single State North
or West, the latter, a single State South.
It were madness, therefore, to accept
either as a probability.
Of the names susgested, Parker might
carry New York and one other Northern
State and surely all the Southern. But
Parker is not stronger than the party, nor
is any other man, Subordinate the man
to the party, it is undemocratic, it is absund to say a man is stronger than the
party. All we need is to get to get
and nominate one as yet unknown in puse
his adviser's from among the dieset represult of the North Control of all who profess and call themselves Democrats.
Richmond, Vg.

Richmond, Va.



THE MAN ABOUT

DAILY CALENDAR. nor. 2096—Still running.

we didn't know whether to take it seriously or not, and when George Leigh asked us to have a square meal with him, we heeftade But he told us he was serious, so we took him up and went in and sat down. Then a waiter came over and asked us what he waited us for to eat. "What have you got for a hungry and jaded man?" we asked him. "Well," he said, "we have some consomme et permalan and some meet turtle a la financiere; some filet de mignon's aux olives and firensee de punions a la maitre d'hotel; some fine chicken a la espagnole and a few ribs a la essence, with some cheese and coffee en demi tasse."

"Just gimme some of that," we said, and we got it and when we went back into the hotel office. Mister Leigh said he hoped we had enjoyed ourself.

But those are the things we est every time we have a opportunity and those are the things that have caused us to grow so corpulent and fat.

We'd rather be fat, though than long, lean and lank, and everytime we get a show we are goner eat some of that."

The only thing we missed was the girl with brown eyes at Kirkwood's and the buttermilk.

James A. Donnelly and Harvey Morton are two of the main guys in the Robinson Opera Company.

We got mixed up with them and they told us so cany good stories that we forgot them all, just like we cannot remember what we have for a good dinner, unless we take a bill of fare away with us

member what we have for a good ammember what we have a bill of fare away with us.

Not long ago Mr. Morton was playing in the Bohemian Girl some plays. He had to dress in a room reached by a step ladder and somehody quite thoughtfully removed the ladder.

He had to get to the stage some how for it was time for him to rush on and say: "I love that girl with all my heart!" or words to that effect.

"But," said Morton, "I couldn't get to the stage, so I shouted through the flies that I was coming."

But before he got there, somebody else had told the girl of his love and she had married him.

"And that's how I missed being a meried man," he said.

We have always said that a adder is a lucky thing, whether you walk under it, over it, or have it taken away from you.

Manager Charle Rex is now wearing a yachting cap and a pair of duck trousers. For he is at Buckroe Beach, opening up the summer season and getting ready to start another bank account. He starts a bank account every year but he just told us that he came near soaking his diamond pin in New York, because it's so expensive to start an opera company with a lot of pretty girls. If that he so, we expect to go down to Buckroe every now and then this summer and bask in the smiles of some of those people.

BARTON HEIGHTS.

Miss Flar Belle Lovenstein, of Phila-delphia, is visiting Mrs. H. C. Brauer, of Kersten Street, where she will be pleased

o meet her friends. Services will be held at the Methodist Services will be neid at the Methodase Church this evening at 8 o'clock, con-ducted by the pastor, Rev. L. C. Moore, Services will be held at the Baptist Church this evening at 8 o'clock, con-ducted by the pastor, Rev. W. T. Hund-

ducted by the pastor, Rev. W. I. Hundeley.
Services will be held at the Epiphany Church this evening at 8 o'clock.
Mrs. D. J. Quinn, of Washinston, D. C., Is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. L. Drumeller, of North Avenue.
Mrs. S. M. McGurdee, of Charlottesville, Va., is the guest of Mrs. Garland B. Taylor, of Lamb Avenue.
Mr. Willie Duggan, of Poe Street, has left on an extended trip to Washington and Baltimore, Md.
Mr. W. R. Brown, of Barton Avenue, has left on a business trip to Hot Springs, Va.

Vi.
Mrs. Wright, who has been visiting friends in Alexandria, Vi., has returned to her home in Brookland Park.
Mr. Linwood McCurdy, who has been juite sick at his home in Brookland Park, is improving.

August of Mrs. J. W. Knapp, of Barton Avenue.

I Jumes has returned to his home in Caroline county Va., from a visit to Miss Cowell has returned to her home in Culpeper from a visit to relatives in Brook Road.

Mr. Ross, of the Seminary, has left for Missouri.

Brook Road.
Mr. Ross, of the Seminary, has left for Missouri.
Miss Murphy, who has been quite sick, is able to be out.
Mr. Matthews has returned to his home in Culpeper, Va., after attending the commencement exercises at the Seminary.
Mr. Farmer, who has been visiting near the Seminary. Has returned to his home in North Avenue.
Mr. The seminary has returned to his home in North Avenue.
Mr. The seminary has returned to his home on North Avenue.
Miss L. C. Carter and sister, who have been visiting friends in Chesterfield, have returned to their home on North Avenue.
Miss Mamile Bowle, of Caroline county, has returned to ther home after a visit to Miss Mattie Ranier and Miss Elizabeth Jeter.
Mrs. B. F. Moorehead, of Pulaski, Va.,

to Miss Mattle Ramier and Miss Eneabeth Jeter. Moorehead, of Pulaski, Va.,
is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. W.
Mitchell, of Poo Street.
Rov. J. W. Mitchell has returned to
his home from a business trip to Suffolk, Va.
Mr. R. W. Taylor, of North Avenue,
has moved on Chamberlain Avenue, near
the Seminary.
Mr. G. H. Atkinson, who has been yisling Mrs. Alvin, of Brookland Park, has
returned to his home in Washington,
D. Mr. Thompson of Brookland Park, has

returned to his home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Thompson, of Brookland Park, has left for North Carolina on business.

Mr. L. A. Carter, who has been visiting relatives on North Avenue, has returned to his home in Louise.

Miss Agnes Redeil, of Manchester, is wisting Mrs. Carter, of Ard Avenue.

Mrs. C. A. Bowle and as have returned to Mrs. J. Letter, of Ard Avenue.

Mrs. C. A. Bowle and S. Have returned to Mrs. J. Letter, of Ard Avenue.

Mrs. C. A. Bowle and S. Have returned to Mrs. J. Letter, of Ard Mrs. J. Letter, of Mrs. J. Letter, J. L

Town -BY-

Harry Tucker

CHAPTER VIII-CONTINUED.

He paced the breadth of the room twice, eyes and cars on the alert, and stopped before a table of polished agate on which lay, as if flung there crelessly, a long-tarreled pistol with a damascened stock and a curved tulwar in a sheath of chased steel Just what he needed He did not healtate to appropriate them, and his heart grow lighter as he fastened the tulwar to his belt. The pistol, which proved to be loaded, he held in his hand. "If my Hindoo maiden would only come now," he thought, anxiously, "I wonder what can be detaining her?"

His attention was suddenly arrested by

come now, he thought, anxiously, awonder what can be detaining her?"
His attention was suddenly arrested by a life-size painting, encased in a thin ebony frame, partly concealed by draperice, that seemed to be set into the wall in front of him, and rose up from the level of the floor. It had an appearance of great age, and represented a Hindoo warrior attired for battle in chuin armor and a Moorish helmest, with one hand resting on the hilt of his sword and the other thrust under a round shield. In the conter of the latter, by way of ornamentation, was a large omerald, which shone as if it was real.

y out from the wall on invisible hinges and revealed a doorway leading into black

"A secret passage," thought the young officer, "I wonder where it goes to! I don't suppose it would take me outside of the palace. If I could believe there was any chance of that—"

A rustling, pattering noise fell on his ear, and as he turned he saw Vashit, the panther, bound lightly into the room, a broken leash trailing behind it. Fixing his fiery eyes on the Englishman and snarling in a low key the brute began to creep warily forward with flattened ears and switching tail.

heavy.

There was a leap and a dull thud—a metallic click followed by utter darkness. The panther had huried itself against the door and sprung it shut.

"An awkward scrape this," muttered Jack. "I doubt if I shall be able to open. t again.

As he spoke he fancied that he heard

voices somewhere behind him. He turned, pulled aside a curiain that met his grop-lag hand and saw a blot of yellow light shining in the distance.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN,
Jack let the curtain drop again and
tried to stiffic his loud breathing. He
bore his weight against the door and
tapped it with his fist, but it was immovable and solid as a wall. He ran
his fingers up and down, everywhere.
But if there was a secret spring on the
linner side as well as on the outer—and
there must be—it was so ingeniously concealed that he falled to find it.

He listened. There was a murmur of
volces behind him, and in front a dead
silence. He realized that the situation
was scrious. He could not make himself heard through the thick door, the
existence of which Zora was probably
ignoran of. And in that case there was
no chance of her releasing him; she
would conclude that he had grown tire
of waiting, and was attempting to gain waiting, and was attempting to gain

to get myself out of this scrape, that a certain."

A sudden thought struck him—the mysterious personages mentioned in Colonel Eriton's letter! Who but they could be in this secluded part of the palace? It was their voices he heard behind him; they were doubtless in secret audience with Onandra Singh, busily hatching devittry of some sort. A daring temptation assailed him.

"I'll do it" he resolved. "If there's

with Charles Duell and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Aller Charles Duell and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Charles Duell and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Charles Duell and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Charles Duell and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Charles Duell and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Charles Duell and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Charles Duell and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Charles Duell and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Mr. Charles Duel and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Aller Charles Duel and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Aller Charles Duel and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Charles Duel and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Aller Charles Duel and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Aller Charles Duel and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Mr. Charles Duel and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Charles Duel and Mr. Kidwell have ner. Mr. Mr. Mr. Charles Duel and Mr. Kidwell have ner.

Two more the cavesdropper recognized by the description he had heard of thom—the handsome, cunning, polished Azim Ullah, the emissary of the Nana Sahib, and the Maulayi, the man of mystery, with his lean frame and lantern-jawed face. The other three, from their dress and bearing, were afther Hindoos or Mahometans of some rank.

The first words that he raught determined Jack to stick to his post. Leaning against the edge of the doorway, with his eyes on the crevice in the curtain, he watched and listened. The conversation was in Hindoostanee, which was almost as plain as English to him.

Most of the talking was dine by Azim Ullah and the Maulayi, and occasionally the rajah, taking the mouthplece of as hookah from his lips, spoke with fiery earnestness and gestures.

The young officer's very heart grew sick, and his blood ran alternately hot ond cold with passion and horror, as he gathered together the threads that formed a tale of almost unparalleled treachery and plotting.

In the brief space of a quarter of an hour he had grasped it all. He knew

THE PURPLE GOD. By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON, Copyright, 1903.

the rich and powerful lords of many a princely state.

Nama Sahib and the rance of Jhanst were the ringleaders, and they had been secretly working for years. The English were to be exterminated, and use king of Delhi was to wield again the autocratic power of which the oppressors had shorn him.

And the time was nearly ripe. Countless thousands awaited the signal. A week, perhaps a month, and the storm would burst with fury on the defenseless and unsuspecing victims of Mogul hatred,

"Heaven help me to escapei" thought

and unsuspecting victims of Mogul hatred.

"Heaven help me to escape!" thought Jack. "I was surely guided here for a purpose to-night. May I he the one to give warning! Prompt measures may yet avert the calamity, and save India from flowing with blood. Colors: Eriton was right. And the government, the military authorities, have been mad, blind—"Chandra Singh was speaking.

"Your words are true, Maulavi," he said. "I know well the prophecy—I heard it first from the lips of my illustrious grandfather—that the raj of the British would utterly pass away in the hundredth year after the battle of Plassey, It is a fitting time! Yet it wants two moons until the anniversary, and I would know, since I have east in my lot with you, whether the Seney army can be restrained until then. You have done your work too well. The chupatites and the greased actividges have already kindled more than one spark."

"My people will walt, most high. Have no fear."

"But the English colonel, whose letter I told you of, is suspicious of your errand to Jheilpur. And there is grave danger at Meerut—"

"The crisis has passed quietly," interrupted Azim Ullah. "I received a report from there, by special messeenes, scarce-ly two hours ago. The condemned troop-

"The crisis has passed quietly," Interrupted Azim Ullah. "I received a report from there, by special messenger, scarcely two hours ago. The condemned troopers of the third native light cavarry were paraded this morning, shackled and ironed and marched off to jail."

"And their comrades?"

"They made no open demonstration, your highness. But here is the report."

The rajah took from Azim Ullah a thin roll of paper, and there was silence while he read it.

"I don't need to know any more—I have learned quits enough," reflected Jack, "The next thing is to get out of the palace, which I'm atrald won't be easy; if I'm caught here it's all up with me. But which way shall I turn, right or left?"

int?"
At that instant, before he could decide the question, he saw a ray of light flashing down the passage to the left, and suddenly a servant appeared twenty feet off, carrying a tray on which were champagne bottles, silver-rimmed drinking cups, and a tiny lamp that three out a dim halo. And at the same moment, to his horzor, he heard rapid footsteps approaching from the opposite direction. The young officer was in an ugly trap, but his courage did not fail him. Whatever was to be done must be done quick-

over was to be done must be done quickly, and without a second's delay he
stretched himself flat along the base of
the wall, trusting that the meager light
of the lamp would conceal him from observation of the servant.

The latter came on slowly with his
burden, while the invisible person advancing from the right quickened his pace
to a run. He stopped within a few inches of Jack's head, and thrust the curtains
aside from the doorway, so that he
stood distinctly revealed on the threshold

to a run. He stopped within a few inches of Jack's head, and thrust the curtains aside from the doorway, so that he stood distinctly revealed on the threshold of the room—a man in the uniform of the rajah's bodyguard.

"I crave pardon, your highness," he cried, "but the feringheo—the officer-sahib—has effected his escape. He must be somewhere in the paince, for he slipped by the havildar Shumshadeen, whom I found asleep at his post."

"By the soul of Brahma, let him be retaken at once!" Chandra Singh exclaimed angrily.

Just then, as ill luck would have it, the draft of air in which the young officer was lying compelled him to sneeze loudly. The messenger, looking about him in bewilderment, spied the crouching figure by the wall. With a shout of triumph he drew back a pace or two, and dapped a hand to the hilt of his saber.

"Here lurks the dog!" he cried.

He had no time to draw his weapon, for Jack, equal to the erists, had leapt to his feet and confronted the fellow. He had thrust the pistol into his pocket, so he relied on his fists.

His right arm shot out, and the soldier, hit under the jaw, dropped like a ninepin. He fell across the feet of the servant, who immediately tripped over him and sprawled headlong. There was a yell and a curse, a clatter of broken cups

or of his finding the spring—the sooner he made shift for himself the better; the only alternative was to go forward.

If felt his way cautiously, with noise-less trend, touching the sides of the passage as he advanced. Sixty paces or so brought him to the end of the corridor, which here branched off right and left, and directly in front of him, at his teet, was the glimmer of light by which he had steered his course.

The voices, now very distinct, came from behind a heavy curtain. He stepped to one side of it and gently disturbed the folds until he had a creyice an inch wide to look through.

His curiosity was rewarded, his suspicions verified. For a moment he forgot the maze of peril that enveloped him, Standing there in the outer darkness he saw within a room filled with a rosy glow from several lamps, and furnished with a magnificence that probably could have been equaled nowhere but in the palace of the old king of Delhi.

Chandra Singh sat on a sort of throne of red granite, carved into the form of a tiger and partly covered by a sheet of cloth-of-gold. And grouped around him, squatting on the Perslan carpots, were half a dozon persons with whom he was holding a conversation.

One of them was the traitor, foel Spanish, no longer wearing the clothes that he had dishonored, but clad in the scarlet uniform of the rajah's irregular horse. Two more the eavesdropper recognized by the description he had heard of thomethe handsome, cunning, polished Azim Ullah, 'the emissary of the Nana Sahib, and the Maulayit the men of mystory.

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